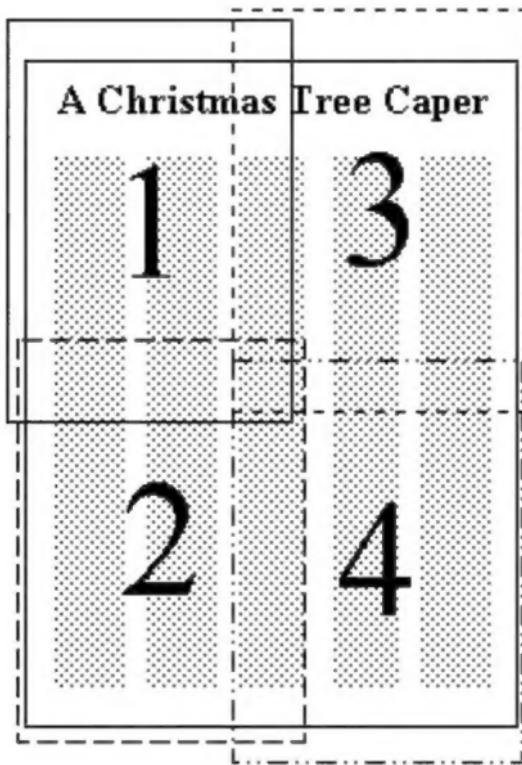


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY**THE REQUIRED TINGLE**

By JACK RITCHIE

(© 1956 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

"I'M STEADY, dependable and reliable," Henry Watson said gloomily. "In other words just the type that gets the gate when the boy next door comes back home." My wife Cora and I studied him sympathetically. "You could try going without your glasses," I suggested. "That might give you a different personality."

His fingers went up to adjust them. "Perhaps it's a habit, Mr. Harrison, but I like to see where I'm going."

I puffed thoughtfully at my pipe. "How about wearing a bow tie? Jazz it up a little, Henry."

He shook his head. "They hurt my Adam's apple."

"Why not work on the jealousy angle?" Cora said. "Surely you must have some other girl friends you could mention in front of our Jenny."

He considered that. "There once was a girl at Indianhead Lake. I almost held hands with her." He hastened to explain. "We were both 14 and it was a very hot summer."

My daughter Jenny came down the stairs. "Roy just phoned," she announced. "He'll be over in about 15 seconds. Hello, Henry."

"Thank you," Henry said glumly.

**SMILE
OF WELCOME**

The front doorbell rang and I got up to answer it.

Roy Dunn was deeply tanned after his two years with an engineering company in the west. "Hello, Mr. Harrison," he said,

dropped over in case she had nothing else to do. Since Roy actually asked her first, he precedes me. I believe in being fair."

"How sporting of you, Henry," Jenny said, something indefinable in her eyes, "I do believe you've earned another gold star."

Jenny and Roy left five minutes later and Henry spent the evening playing chess with me.

The next day, after I came home from the office, I found Jenny seated on the living room couch staring into space.

"What am I going to do with Henry?" she asked dreamily.

"You could try drowning him," I said.

"Dad," Jenny said, coming out of her trance. "I don't happen to be thinking what you think I'm thinking."

"You just don't understand, dear," my wife said. "Men are obtuse at times."

After supper Roy dropped in with a bouquet of sweetpeas.

"I never realized how dull this town was until now," he said. "Not a night club within twenty miles."

He took an easy chair. "I think Henry's got the idea that you might be serious about him, Jenny. Suppose his self-control snaps and he turns on me with all the raw fury of a wounded rabbit."

The doorbell rang again and I

CHATTER!

The Jewelry Industry Council says that a Valentine's Day gift should embrace a spot of jewelry, because it's gift day like no other, purely from the heart and inspired by affection. . . . And it needn't be costly or frivolous, they say. . . . A diamond engagement ring for the fiancee, of course; for a sweetheart a karat gold or sterling silver bracelet charm can be chosen for special significance, such as a little heart to dangle on her bracelet, a tiny Cupid; for a wife something that spells, however modestly, elegance and fashion, such as a handsome gold filled chain that she may wear as a choker, a necklace, bracelet or belt. . . . Or perhaps a new stone-set ring, a pair of earrings, a wrist watch or if she has one a new watch bracelet to dress it up. . . . Suggested as gifts for men—gold and silver sterling cuff links, collar pins and tie clips, wrist watches, rings, cigaret cases and lighters.

in a basket," Henry said. "It's a pretty fast crowd down there, but we're only young once."

"Henry," Jenny said. "Did you break your glasses again?"

"Well, no. I left them in the car. How do you like my personality now, Jenny?"

**SIGNIFICANT
FACTS**

"Henry, old boy," Roy said. "I'm taking Jenny out tonight. To the movies."

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SMILE OF WELCOME

The front doorbell rang and I got up to answer it.

Roy Dunn was deeply tanned after his two years with an engineering company in the west. "Hello, Mr. Harrison," he said, and looked past me. "I'm back, Jenny. You can go home now, Henry."

Henry regarded Jenny's smile of welcome for a moment and then he cleared his throat. "I used to have a girl friend at Indianhead Lake who could smell fish," he said. "We'd be on the lake and she'd say, 'Henry, I smell fish.' And then I'd stop rowing and get out my casting rod."

He leaned forward slightly to emphasize his point. "You wouldn't believe this, Jenny, but more often than not she was wrong."

He considered what he'd just said. "Oh, yes, I almost forgot. She was madly in love with me. What do you think of that, Jenny?"

Roy took one of Jenny's hands in his. "I can see that you have had a rough time of it while I've been away. Let's go somewhere tonight and try to make up for it."

"Henry," I said. "Don't you have a date with Jenny?"

He rubbed his jaw. "Well, now, technically I don't. I just

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The doorbell rang again and I went to answer it.

Henry stood in the doorway holding a bouquet. He wore a tweed jacket, a bright tie, and his face was innocent of glasses.

He blinked at me. "Who is it?"

"It's me," I said. "Mr. Harrison."

POLITE TO COAT RACK

He walked into the house and bumped into the coat rack. "Pardon me," he said politely.

I touched his arm. "This way, Henry. Just follow the sound of my voice."

He came into the center of the living room and stopped. "I usually bring roses," he said, addressing the fireplace. "But today I brought sweetpeas. I asked the florist what I should bring to be different."

He rubbed his throat. "My Adam's apple hurts."

Jenny took the bouquet from his hands. "They're lovely, Henry."

"Tonight I'm taking you to the Drive-In and we'll have shrimp

in a basket," Henry said. "It's a pretty fast crowd down there, but we're only young once."

"Henry," Jenny said. "Did you break your glasses again?"

"Well, no. I left them in the car. How do you like my personality now, Jenny?"

SIGNIFICANT FACTS

"Henry, old boy," Roy said. "I'm taking Jenny out tonight. Take your sweetpeas back and get a refund."

"I couldn't do that," Henry said. "All sales are final." He tilted his head. "Oh, that's you, Roy. When did you come in? I've got a date with Jenny tonight. I distinctly remember asking her on the 12th of this month."

"The point you seem to miss, Henry," Roy said. "Is that I have now landed and you are superfluous. Tonight and every other night."

"Oh?" Henry said thoughtfully. He peered around. "If Jenny wants it that way, then I suppose I'll leave. However, I wish to point out a number of significant facts."

He counted them off on his fingers. "Number one. You were gone for two years, Roy, and during that time you wrote only three times. And extremely dull post cards they were too, if you ask me."

"Number two. I did not notice a great grieving on Jenny's part during your absence."

Henry hesitated and blushed. "And number three. I love Jenny and I don't think that you do."

BRENDA STARR

BACK IN CAMP, MAMA GASSER VOICES HER SENTIMENTS ABOUT THE NEW PET!

THIS IS THE LIVING END!.. THAT MY OWN DAUGHTER SHOULD ATTRACT A THING LIKE THAT!

AT LEAST, YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT IT LIKES ME FOR MYSELF ALONE AND NOT MY BANK ACCOUNT!

AND THAT'S MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR SOME HUMANS IN THIS CAMP!

STOP THAT KI TALK! WE'VE JUDGED PERRY JUST EXPLAIN SATISFACTORIL HIS ACTIONS.



ED
UT
**TERRY, DEAR, WOULD IT MAKE AN
EMBITTERED OLD MAN OF YOU IF I
WERE TO MARRY BOOGIE?**



WHILE BACK AT THE AIR BASE...

HEY KEN! HOW ABOUT—
THE ONE WITH OF PC
THERE FOR A CIVILIAN
CHATTERLINE CALLED
“AIR CHATTER”?



D TINGLE

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SIGNIFICANT FACTS

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The Neighbors

By George Clark



"I asked Dad to give me one reason why I couldn't use the car tonight—he gave me ten!"

A collection of nearly 100 selected cartoons from The Neighbors now on sale at NEWS Information Bureau—or by mail—10c

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Looking at it objectively, I'd say
that you're too much of an egotist
to love anybody."

Roy flushed and got to his feet.
"Now see here, Henry."

Henry squinted. "Where?"
"You never said you loved me
before, Henry," Jenny said, her
voice soft.

Henry got redder. "Well, I was
never leaving before."

"I'm not an egotist," Roy said.
"Ask anybody. I've got hundreds
of friends who think I'm the salt
of the earth. I've got a good mind
to punch you in the nose."

"Now you let Henry alone,"
my wife said.

"That's right, Roy," Henry
said. "You leave me alone."

"I just baked some cookies,"
my wife said. "Is anybody hun-
gry?"

"On the other hand," Henry
said, thrusting out his chin. "I
once took a course in judo. Try
shoving me on the chest, Roy.
Do it with your right hand
though, because that's the way I
learned this trick. I flip you over
my shoulder."

"I love you, too, Henry," Jenny
said and her eyes were luminous.

"They're pretty good cookies,"
I said. "I can vouch for that."

Henry lifted an eyebrow sus-
picuously and looked in Jenny's
general direction. "Just what do
you see in me?"

"You're steady, reliable and de-
pendable," Jenny said. "And be-
sides, you make me tingle."

There were 10 seconds of dead
silence.

"Tingle?" Roy asked finally,
his voice squeaking.

"That's right," Jenny said de-
fiantly. "Henry makes me tingle
and you don't, Roy."

My wife looked at me fondly.
"You made me tingle, too, dear.
My, how everybody laughed."

Roy closed his eyes. "I've
heard everything now. I'm going
home and look at my mirror. I
need reassurance." He stalked to-
ward the door muttering to himself.

When he was gone, Henry
stood dazedly in the center of the
room. "Tingle?" he asked in a
strangled voice.

"Of course," Jenny said. "Hold
my hand. You can feel it."

My wife and I left them to
tingle and went into the kitchen
to eat cookies.

We held hands, and, by George,
Cora does tingle too.

THE END

